

Pastor Troy, Are We Cuttin'

(feat. Ms. Jade)

[Timbaland scratches throughout]

[Intro: Pastor Troy]

Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl

Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl

Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl

Ha-ha, ha-ha

[Chorus]

[PT:] Oooooooh

[CJ:] Baby what's your name?

[PT:] Oooooooh

[CJ:] Are you wearin Bugle Boy jeans?

[PT:] (Hell naw!) Oooooooh

[CJ:] I heard you was from Atlanta

[PT:] Oooooooh

[CJ:] But baby please excuse my manners, I just wanna know

Are we cuttin'?! Are we cuttin'?! Are we cuttin'?!

[PT:] Oooooooh, hell yea, yeah yeah yea

Oooooooh

She won't see tomorrow, if I don't cut tonight

[Verse 1 - Pastor Troy]

Yeah, Friday night (yeah)

Yeah, ballin holmes (yeah)

Got a nigga smellin fresh as a rose

Grab my kicks and tuck my clothes (cause y'all!)

Sharp as a knife, and this is the life

Pastorr, ya tell me how ya love that?

Let a nigga see that pussy crack, where you at? (uh)

The dance flo' (yeah) that's my shit (yeah)

Baby girl let ya hair down

Show a nigga what you workin wit, twerkin wit

I ammm low-key

You don't wanna leave? (c'mon baby)

You don't wanna go back to the suite (c'mon)

Let you caress my feet, huh

Now what you wanna know?

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Pastor Troy]

Off the chain!

Damn! Damn boo

Where ya been all my lifetime?

Let me fuck ya 'til the sun shine (uh huh) uh huh (uh huh)

What I do? (whoaa) Mind my bizz

No I can't take ya home wit me

Baby girl, it is what it is, show biz

Saturday morn' (damn!) damn I'm weak

Knew whassup when you came to the room

Talkin about gettin some sleep

She's the, the-truth, shorty got loose

Sorry, but all I needed was a pretty red substitute

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ms. Jade]

What you talkin?

I, bring heat when it's hawkin

Cause I, can't stand a man that don't understand

I'm weighing kilos and grams the bitch wit the upper-hand

I'm, bout to kill it; you, dealin wit the realest
Fuck the strawberry's and chocolate (ohh)
Hennessy and a condom, say they kissin and grindin
It's all about the timin; I, really like "Vice Versa"
But, tonight's much worsen, and um
Philly chick you only travel wit for best of men
Hand me out Atlanta just to see you in your belt and Timb's
Pastor Troy, won't you just pass the boy
In a, split second I'm answerin all questions
You dummies are still confessin how money make you undress
And so tell me

[Chorus - repeat to fade]